

The Newest Winter Furs.

Ermine and Fox Favorites
of Fashion to Keep
Away the Winter's Cold

note of the fact that, instead of being always aggressively upstanding and outspreading, as it was wont to be, the aigrette very frequently and fashionably now droops downward in a manner which would be almost detected—not to say dowdy!—were it not for the supreme skill which gives to this less assertive poise, a chic piquancy all its own.

In fact, the more unexpected and unusual the position of the aigrette, the more notable and desirable does the hat become, so that eccentricity is being carried somewhat too far for prettiness sometimes. It is amusing to find, too, that, while forests and clumps and "halos" of aigrettes are still being shown, and worn, it is also correct—and chic—to merely display in the centre of a small almost severely simple black velvet shape, two upward curving osprey strands, shadowy and ghost-like—and trail and fascinating things, which, however, let me tell you, demand a considerable and substantial outlay in cash for their acquisition, as, naturally, being brought into such prominence, they must be of absolute perfection and unusual length.

Often, too, aigrettes and ospreys will, like the even more favored ostrich feathers, be combined with fur—which is, perhaps, skunk, and banded about the crown. While then, again, ermine is frequently used with black velvet and aigrettes to secure and accentuate the black and white contrast scheme, which still takes precedence in popularity of all the more vivid colorings. For example, a black velvet hat, will be provided with an enormously wide larve of pure white ermine, which makes the most effective possible background for the soft blackness of the great osprey which sweeps along the left side, being held in position there by the quaintest arrangement of little clustered ermine heads, fringed with the black-tipped tails. In another somewhat stiffer and equally smart model the brim is entirely lined with black velvet, so that, its curve being wide and beautiful, a wearer blessed with clearly cut features, a good complexion, and fair or deeply burnished hair, may be pleasantly sure that all these good points are being brought into fullest prominence by their silhouetting against the sweep of black velvet. Outwardly the brim is bordered with tailless ermine, and fastened against the velvet crown by a circle of roll ermine heads in a big brush aigrette.

Black and white plush are brought together into close and charming contrast in any number of the smaller shapes, and somehow the softness of the fabrics makes this contrast all the more attractive and becoming. One of the new hats which I cordially approve is outwardly all of the white plush, the round "bowler" crown being just banded about with a prim folded and tied satin ribbon. But then, to make up for this primary simplicity, there is the most glorious Paradise mount to sweep its pale yellow strands at the left side above the shimmering brown and green plumage of the head which is fastened against the black of the little upturned brim. And now—another contrast and chance of choice for you—imagine a close-fitting Diorette bonnet of black velvet, just showing a glimpse of liner blue against the hair, its predestined and pretty companions for life (or at any rate for the season) being a long and supple stole of black velvet, all edged with skunk fur, while fastened low down on one corner is a big and beautiful rose, whose outer petals of dull gold tissue unfold about a central softness of skunk, even the



This Beautiful White Fox Stole Consists of Two Whole Skins.



A Sleeveless Coat of Ermine With Which a Toque, Boa and Muff of White Fox Are Worn. A Very Effective Winter Mode.

two half opened buds also showing a glimpse of the fur. A great, flaky hanging muff, too, there is, which repeats this novel and pretty trimming so that, as you may imagine, the three together can be depended on to transform into smartness the simplest of costumes. A good many of these "triple" sets are being prepared for Riviera wear, and as special prettiness, rather than actual protectiveness, is thus aimed at, closely massed blossoms are used for the making of hat and the and muff. For instance, a delightful closely fitting hat is entirely covered with shaded violets, the little brim blinding of purple velvet which gives permanent shapeliness to the airy fairy creation being only just visible beneath the final fringe of deeply hued flowers.

A
Wonderful
Scarf
Wrap
in
Ermine,
Draped
as
Desired.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women. Lady Duff-Gordon's new Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York City.

By LADY DUFF-GORDON ("Lucile")

THE photographs I am sending to-day show what may be expected in fine furs this Winter. A glance at the pictures will show you how wonderfully effective these creations are and, of course, they will be extremely fashionable. The sleeveless coat wrap in ermine shows a wide stole effect which is worn over the shoulders, the nine tails forming a border effect bottom of the coat. This is completed by a white fox toque with osprey and white fox boa and muff. Nothing could be more beautiful than this.

The white fox stole shown in another picture consists of two whole skins and is very beautiful.

The last picture shows a one-piece ermine scarf wrap which is draped as required. A beautiful ermine muff is worn with the wrap and completes this unusually effective costume.

And now a few words about the prevailing millinery of the season.

The position of the aigrette determines—at sight—the date, or, at any rate, the up-to-dateness, of the hat which it adorns, and also the degree of smartness and success which it achieves. And so I would have you take careful

MY SECRETS OF BEAUTY—By Mme. LINA CAVALIERI, The Most Famous Living Beauty

No. 202---DAYS WHEN YOU DON'T LOOK WELL

THERE are days when, no matter with what beauty the world has credited us, we shrink from the image our mirrors fling back at us. One of our American novelists told how transcendently lovely a typewriter girl looked at times to her employer, who was falling in love with her, and how plain and insignificant to others. The author was a bachelor. Nevertheless he knew that women are like the moon. In the first quarter both give but a hint of their full attractiveness. There are days when we look our best, days when we look our worst, and intermediate days.

On the days when we don't look well we usually are not well. Our most imperative need at such times

is rest. The girl who goes early to bed and sleeps round the clock, or at least for nine or ten hours, awakes feeling and looking better. This is an object lesson in the truth that to look well we must feel well, and to feel well we must be so.

Many a woman has lamented her going off and wept farewell tears to departing youth when really what she needed was an extra hour's sleep every night for a week.

There are secondary aids that assist this primary one in the work of making the most of our appearance on the days when we are not looking well. Perhaps all the weariness and listlessness and hopelessness of your mood seems to settle in your eyes. They look pale and dull and old, and the eyelids look dark and wrinkled and lifeless.

You can lighten both by placing a witch hazel bandage over them. To avoid questions as to what a witch

hazel bandage is let me explain now that it is a piece of muslin folded several times and saturated with witch hazel. Lay this loosely over the eyes for as long a time as circumstances will permit. If the bandage dries moisten it again with witch hazel.

Perhaps the skin of your face is very pale, as though every drop of blood had been drained from it, and the fact that your stock of vigor is below par is shown by the dry texture and loose condition of your skin.

Refresh it by giving it a cologne bath. Pour a few drops of cologne over a piece of gauze and pat the face lightly with it. This will coax the blood quickly to the surface. Or soak a square piece of flannel in olive oil and place it over the face. The skin absorbs this oil, and in a short time looks much fresher.

Should you, despite your tired, bloodless aspect, have to be seen in public, bathe the face in tepid water, using handfuls of almond meal, wet with a few drops of benzoin instead of soap. Then dash

cold water upon the face. This soon calls back the color that has forsaken the visage.

If on this bad day of yours you are shocked at the appearance of a new network of fine lines about the eyes and lips, don't fancy they have come to stay. Lie down, relax your muscles and rest as completely as possible. During the last half of this rest pat cold cream into the parts of the face where the tired lines appeared, then slowly iron them away in the opposite direction from that in which they appeared. Rub horizontal lines in a perpendicular direction, and vice versa.

If your lips are pale, massage them gently, using cold cream freely on them to bring back their color.

If you are forced to be mingled with others while you feel "dead tired" don't allow the muscles of your face to sag or your eyes to grow listless. Recall your best expression, summon it, and keep it. In the words of the stage folk, when the curtain rises a second time upon an effective tableau, "hold the picture."

Love Symphony.

A LONG the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak:
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek;
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair;
Each looked its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing,
How sweet you were; they warbled on,
Piped, trilled the self same thing,
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause.

The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard it murmuring too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
And made of me and you:
How many a thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet—
Longer I could not stay, and so
I fled back to your feet.

DOMESTIC BOMBSHELL

THERE is a tale told in every big house-party in Ireland about an incident in the seventies. A peer and peeress in their own country house were seated at lunch with their daughter, who was not on the best of terms with them, when she broke a long silence by observing:

"Mother, I was married this morning."
The peeress bore the news with a severe aspect, and observed, in chilling ones:
"At least, before telling such a private matter, you might wait until James (the footman) leaves the room."
"But, mother, it is James I married!"
Tableau.

Wages.

G LOBY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by
to be lost, on an endless sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle,
to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aimed not at glory,
no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death; if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have the heart to endure for the life of the work and the fly?
She desires no tales of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a Summer sky;
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

Johnnie Still Wonders.

Mamma: "I'm surprised at you, Johnny!"
Johnny (thoughtfully): "I wonder if you'll ever get used to me, mamma! You're always surprised at me!"

Nipped in the Bud.

Father (anxiously): "If my son marries that actress, I shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell him so."
Legal Adviser: "I know a better plan than that. Tell the girl."

Nine Chances.

Hixon: "Young Pellets tells me he makes a specialty of doctoring cats."
Dixon: "Well, his patients are fortunate."
Hixon: "How's that?"
Dixon: "They each have nine lives."



Mme. LINA CAVALIERI